W L S THE SEARS, ROEBUCK RADIO STATION

Favorite Mountain Ballads

and

Old Time Songs

as sung by

Bradley Kincaid

"The Mountain Boy"

CHICAGO . . . . . ILLINOIS

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Favorite Mountain Ballads and Old Time Songs

Copyright, 1928
by
Bradley Kincaid

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To

Irma Kincaid who helped in
arranging the melody for these songs,
and
Harold A. Safford,
Director and Announcer of the
Barn Dance Program W L S
This Little Booklet Is Dedicated.

The National Barn Dance "gang" up in the "old hayloft," the studios of WLS, the Sears, Roebuck station, Chicago. The picture was taken on the night of the Harvest Home Festival and Carnival Corn Show. The group of entertainers are heard on the air each Saturday night from WLS at the National Barn Dance.

Foreword

To those who live in the mountains this little booklet will represent a group of familiar songs. To those who live outside of the mountains it will represent the life and spirit of a people in whose veins runs the purest strain of Anglo-Saxon blood to be found anywhere in America. These mountain ballads are songs that grew out of the life and experiences of hardy Scotch, Irish, German, English and Dutch natives, who came to America because they desired freedom and the right to worship according to their own desires. They are the people who braved the unknown forests, established their crude huts and feared no one save the God whom they devoutly worshipped. It was around the hearthstones of these poor, though proud settlers that these songs were born. They are not songs that were written for commercial purposes—they were never written, but were handed down by word of mouth. They are the outbursts of hearts overflowing with emotion. Some of them are joyous and carefree; others are sad, and relate a pathetic story of unrequited love which touches the heart of every listener. The early mountaineer knew nothing of the piano, but used the guitar, the banjo or the dulcimer for accompaniment to his songs.

Harold A. Safford, announcer at WLS and "master of ceremonies" at the National Barn Dance.

Bradley Kincaid

A boy of the Kentucky mountains whose earliest experiences were associated with cows, cockleburs, razor-backed hogs, and fox hounds; a boy who lived and grew almost to manhood hidden away in these Kentucky mountains far from the advantages found in the centers of civilization; a young fellow who didn't have a chance to go to school until he was 19 years old, and then started in the sixth grade; a young fellow who plugged away despite these handicaps, earned an education for himself, married a sweetheart of his college days, and found his life's opportunity in the service of the Young Men's Christian Association—that's a concise history of the life thus far of Bradley Kincaid, the young man who is known and loved by thousands of radio listeners in every section of the country as "The Mountain Boy with His Houn' Dog Guitar and Old Mountain Songs."

Bradley did his first singing over WLS with the Y. M. C. A. College quartet in 1926-27. It was by accident that Mr. Campbell, the director of the quartet, mentioned to Don Malin, musical director of WLS, that Bradley played and sang the old mountain ballads. Mr. Malin asked Bradley to come to the studio and give a program and the success of his first radio program is evidenced by the fact that "The Mountain Boy" has been on the National Barn Dance programs at WLS every Saturday night since, and on many of the other programs, too.

Bradley Kincaid was born in Garrard County, Kentucky, in the edge of the mountains and very near the Blue Grass. His parents were both native Kentuckians. His great-grandfather was a full-blooded Scotchman, coming to Virginia from Scotland. So Bradley is Scotch, but he says he was born in this country to save transportation.

Bradley's father was a farmer, but was more fond of fox hunting. Often the father would come home after a hard day in the field, snatch a bit of supper, get his old fox horn from behind the door, blow up his two fox hounds and ride away to the hills, where he would spend the night fox hunting. It was on one of these fox hunting expeditions that the father traded one of his fox hounds to a Negro friend for an old dilapidated guitar. That explains the name "Houn' Dog Guitar."

That guitar was the first music box that any of the ten children in the Kincaid family had connected with in any way. It was not long, though, until all of them could strum a tune. Bradley, himself, would sit for hours and hours at a time with the guitar and sing the

WILSON
NcU

old ballads which he had heard his mother and father sing. When he was only four years old his father used to entertain friends by having Bradley sing for them.

Bradley's home was a part frame, part log house with four rooms and a loft. Being Scotch the family naturally kept pretty close company. The nearest school was two miles from Bradley's home and was only in session about three to five months out of the year. The teacher was often only an eighth grade graduate. Bradley had very little schooling until he was 19 years old, when he entered the sixth grade in the Foundation department of Berea College, Kentucky. After going to school two years and having finished the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades, Bradley volunteered for army service at the age of 21 and spent two years in service during the World War, one year of which was overseas in France.

Bradley returned to Berea College at the age of 23 and entered high school. He finished high school at the age of 26 and went to work for the State Y. M. C. A. of Kentucky. After two years in this work he came to Chicago and entered the Y. M. C. A. College, where he has been a student four years, getting his degree in June. Bradley found time to study voice and was active in musical affairs at college. Since coming to Chicago he has been a member of the Y. M. C. A. College Glee Club, of which he is tenor soloist; has directed glee clubs and church choirs, and organized a men's chorus at LaPorte, Ind.

Mrs. Irma Forman Kincaid, whom Bradley met at Berea College, is a graduate of the Oberlin College Conservatory, and is very much interested in folk music. She has been especially attracted to the mountain ballads and has been very helpful in arranging the music for the booklet.

Bradley is particularly interested in Christian work and expects to spend his life in the service of the Young Men's Christian Association. Needless to say, he feels a debt of gratitude to Berea College that he can never pay and he says: "Had it not been for the advantages Berea College offers to mountain boys and girls I probably would never have received any education."

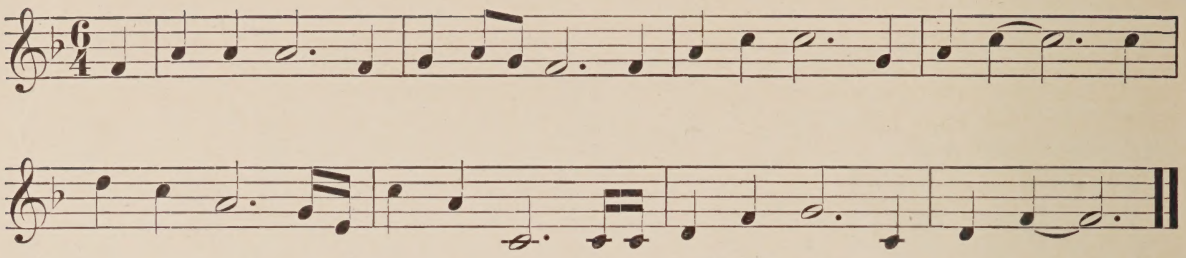
So, that's the story of "The Mountain Boy" of WLS, the Sears, Roebuck station, Chicago. And now you can know when you hear him strumming his "houn' dog" guitar and singing the old mountain ballads that have come down through the years that Bradley Kincaid is one fellow who is justly capable and has a real right to carry on these truly genuine American folk songs. And through this little booklet he has made it possible for all of us to know and enjoy these famous old mountain songs and ballads.

HAROLD A. SAFFORD.

August 1928

Bradley Kincaid

Best wishes to
Florence Hensley
Bradley Kincaid

BARBARA ALLEN

In Scarlet Town where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Made every youth cry well away
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May
When the green buds they were swelling
Sweet William came from the Western states
And courted Barbara Allen.

It was all in the month of June,
When all things they were blooming,
Sweet William on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant to the town
Where Barbara was a dwelling,
My master is sick and sent for you
If your name is Barbara Allen.

And death is painted on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealing,
Then hasten away to comfort him,
O, lovely Barbara Allen.

So, slowly, slowly she got up
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said when she got there,
Young man I think you're dying.

Oh, yes I'm sick and very sick,
And death is on me dwelling,
No better, no better I never can be,
If I can't get Barbara Allen.

Oh, yes, you're sick and very sick,
And death is on you dwelling,
No better, no better, you never will be
For you can't get Barbara Allen.

Oh, don't you remember in yonder town,
When you were at the tavern,
You drank a health to the ladies all round
And slighted Barbara Allen?

Oh, yes, I remember in yonder town,
In yonder town a drinking,
I gave a health to the ladies all round,
But my heart to Barbara Allen.

As she was on her highway home,
The birds they kept a singing,
They sing so clear they seemed to say,
Hard hearted Barbara Allen.

As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the death bell knelling,
And every stroke did seem to say,
Hard hearted Barbara Allen.

BARBARA ALLEN (continued)

She looked to the east, she looked to the west.
She spied his corpse a-coming.
Lay down, lay down that corpse of clay
That I may look upon him.

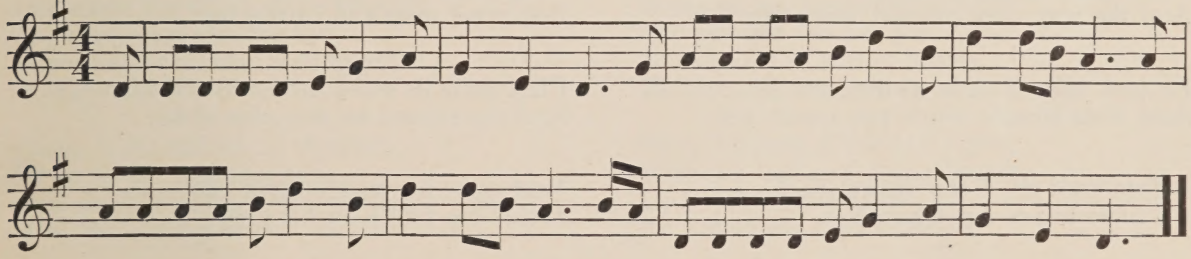
The more she looked, the more she mourned,
Till she fell to the ground a crying,
Saying take me up and carry me home,
For I am now a dying.

O, Mother, O, Mother, go make my bed,
Go make it long and narrow,
Sweet William died for pure, pure love,
And I shall die for sorrow.

Oh, Father, O, Father, go dig my grave,
Go dig it long and narrow,
Sweet William died for me to-day
I'll die for him tomorrow.

She was buried in the old church yard,
And he was buried a-nigh her,
On William's grave there grew a red rose
On Barbara's grew a green briar.

I GAVE MY LOVE A CHERRY

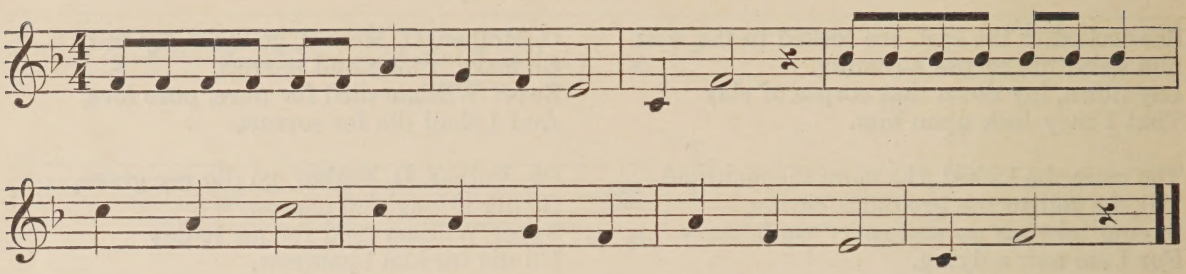


I gave my love a cherry that had no stone,
I gave my love a chicken that had no bone,
I gave my love a ring that had no end,
I gave my love a baby with no cryin'.

How can there be a cherry without any stone?
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?
How can there be a ring that has no end?
How can there be a baby with no cryin'?

A cherry when it's blooming it has no stone.
A chicken when it's pippin has no bone.
A ring when it's rolling has no end.
A baby when it's sleeping has no crying.

FROGGIE WENT A-COURTIN'



Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride,
Sword and pistol by his side,

He rode up to Miss Mousie's door,
Hit it so hard that he made it roar.

Then Miss Mousie let him in
And the way they courted was a sin.

He took Miss Mousie on his knee,
Said Miss Mousie won't you marry me.

Before kind sir, I can answer that,
I'll have to ask my Uncle Rat.

Uncle Rat gave his consent,
The Weasel wrote the publishment.

Uncle Rat he went to town
To get his niece a wedding gown.

What does he get for the wedding gown,
A piece of hide of an old grey-hound.

Where shall the wedding supper be
Way down yonder in a hollow tree.

What shall the wedding supper be,
Dog-wood soup and catnip tea.

First came in was a little white Moth,
And she spread on the table cloth.

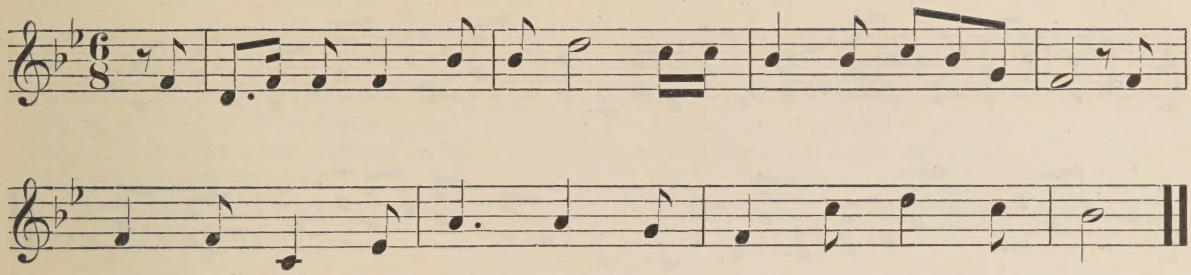
Next came in was a bumble bee
Totin' his fiddle on his knee.

Frog came swimming o'er the lake
And he was swallowed by a big black snake.

A little piece of corn bread lying on the shelf,
If you want any more you can sing it yourself.

NOTE: um huh to be sung following first line every verse.

PEARL BRYAN



Deep, deep, in a lonely valley
Where the violets fade and bloom
There sleeps my own Pearl Bryan,
So silent in the tomb.

She died not broken hearted,
Nor from sickness did she fail,
But in one moment parted
From the home she loved so well.

Last night the moon shone brightly,
The stars were shining too,
Down to this maiden's cottage,
A jealous lover came.

Come, love, and let us wander,
Down to the meadow gate,
And we will wander and ponder,
O'er the coming of our wedding day.

The way was cold and dreary,
The night was coming on.
Into this lonely valley
He led this maiden on.

Scott Jackson I am tired,
Of wandering here so long,
The way is cold and dreary,
I pray you take me home.

You have not the wings of an eagle,
Nor from me can you fly
No human hand can aid you,
You instantly must die.

What have I done, Scott Jackson,
That you should take my life,
You know I've always been good to you
And promised to be your wife.

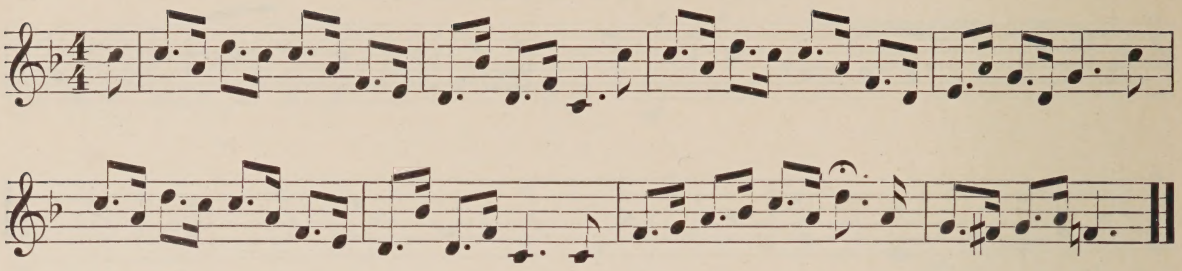
Down on her knees before him,
She pleaded for her life,
And into that snowy bosom,
He plunged a gleaming knife.

Scott Jackson, I'll forgive you,
With my last and dying breath,
I never have deceived you,
As I close my eyes in death.

Down on his knees he bended,
Saying, oh, what have I done.
I've murdered my Pearl Bryan,
As pure as the rising sun.

Now in that lonely valley,
Where the willows weep o'er her grave,
Pearl Bryan lies forgotten,
Where the merry sunbeams play.

A FATAL WEDDING



The wedding bells were ringing
On one moonlight winter night;
The church was decorated,
All around was clear and bright.
A woman with her baby came
And saw the lights aglow;
She remembered how those same bells chimed
For her three years ago.

I'd like to be admitted, sir,
She told the sexton bold,
Just on account of baby
To protect him from the cold.
This wedding is not for the poor,
But for the rich and grand;
So, with the eager watching crowd,
Outside you'll have to stand.

She begged the sexton once again
To let her pass inside.
For baby's sake you may step in,
The gray haired man replied.
Has any one a reason why this couple should
not wed?
Speak now or hold your peace forever
Soon the preacher said.

I must object, the woman cried,
In voice so meek and mild.
The bride-groom is my husband, sir,
And this our little child.
What proof have you, the preacher said.
My infant, she replied.
She held it up, then knelt to pray,
The little one had died.

Chorus:

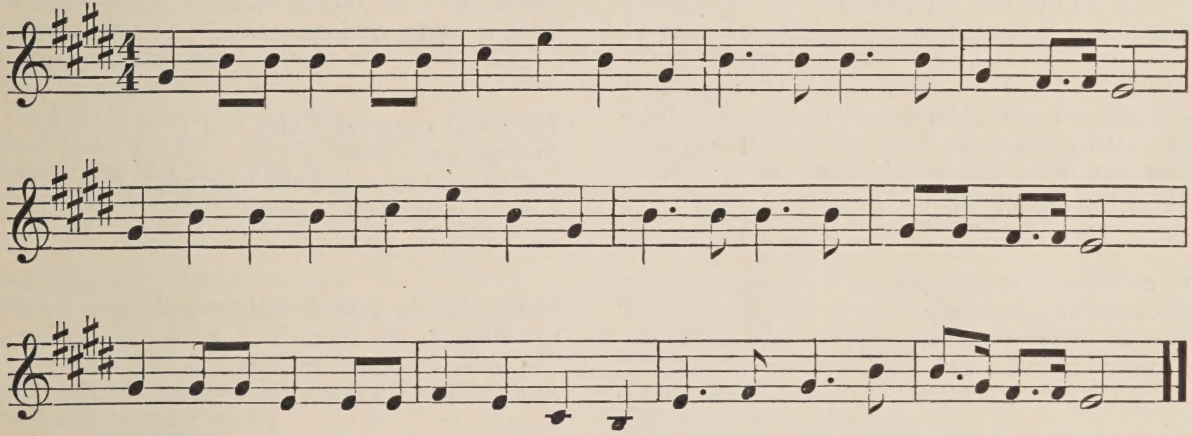
While the wedding bells were ringing,
While the bride and groom were there
Marching up the aisle together
While the organ pealed an air,
Telling tales of fond affection
Vowing never more to part,
Just another fatal wedding,
Just another broken heart.

A FATAL WEDDING (continued)

The parents of the bride then took
The outcast by the hand,
A home have you thru life said they,
You've saved our child from harm.
The bride and parents, outcast wife,
Then quickly drove away.
The husband died by his own hand
Before the break of day.

No wedding feast was spread that night;
Two graves were made next day:
One for the little baby
And in one the father lay.
This story has been oft retold,
By fireside warm and bright,
Of the wasted life of the outcast wife,
That Fatal Wedding Night.

SOUR WOOD MOUNTAIN



I've got a girl in the Sour Wood Mountains
She won't come and I won't call her.

Rooster's crowing in the Sour Wood Mountains,
So many pretty girls I can't count 'em.

Big dogs bark and little ones bite you,
Big girls court and little ones fight you.

My true love lives up in Letcher,
She won't come and I won't fetcher.

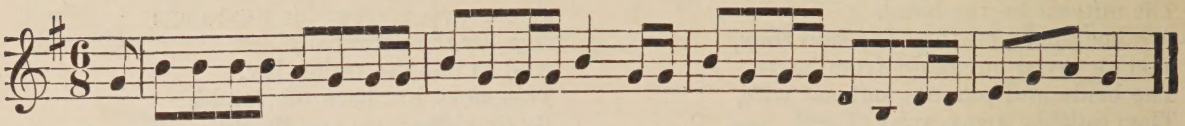
My true love lives over the river
Few more jumps and I'll be with her.

I've got a girl at the head of the hollow,
She won't come and I won't follow.

Old, man, Old man, I want your daughter,
To bake my bread and carry me water.

NOTE: ho de um de iddle de day to be sung following every line.

CUCKOO IS A PRETTY BIRD or
(A FORSAKEN LOVER)



O Johnny is on the water,
Let him sink or let him swim,
For if he can live without me,
I can live without him.

Johnny is a young boy,
But still younger am I;
But how often has he told me
He'd wed me or die.

O meeting is a pleasure
And parting is grief,
But an unconstant true love
Is worse than a thief.

A thief can but rob you
And take all you have,
But an unconstant lover
Will take you to your grave.

I'll take off this black dress
And I'll flourish in green,
For I don't care if I'm forsaken
I am only nineteen.
Hiccough, O Lordy, how bad I do feel,
Hiccough, O Lordy, how bad I do feel.

The grave it will rot you
And turn you to dust;
There ain't one out of twenty
That a young girl can trust.

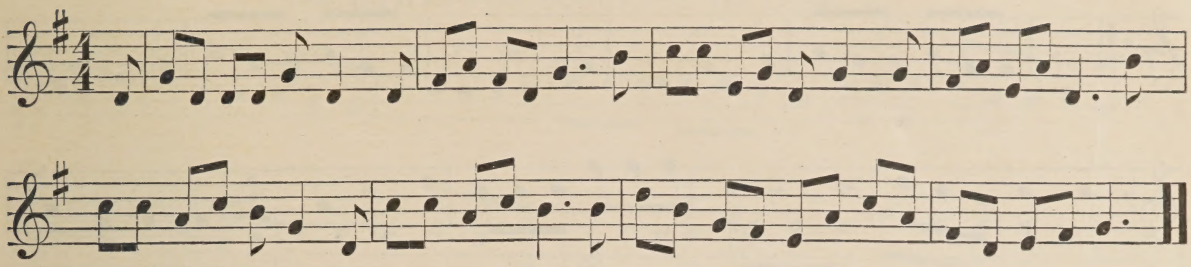
They will court and kiss you
And get your heart warm,
But as soon as your back's turned
They'll laugh you to scorn.

The cuckoo is a pretty bird,
She sings as she flies;
She brings us good tidings
And tells us no lies.

Forsaken, forsaken,
Forsaken am I.
He is certainly mistaken
If he thinks that I'll cry.

I'll tune up my fiddle
And rosin my bow,
I'll make myself welcome
Wherever I go.

TILDY JOHNSON



Good evening, Tildy Johnson,
I have come to call, you know;
I hope you won't be saying
You've got another beau.
For I've been kindly watching,
And I'm sure that you would be
About the girl I'm wanting
If we only can agree.

Oh, Sammy, I'm so nervous
That I don't know what to do,
I wonder if you're fooling
Or if what you say is true.
Now tell me is this asking
If I will be your wife?
If so, then here's your answer,
I'll go with you thru life.

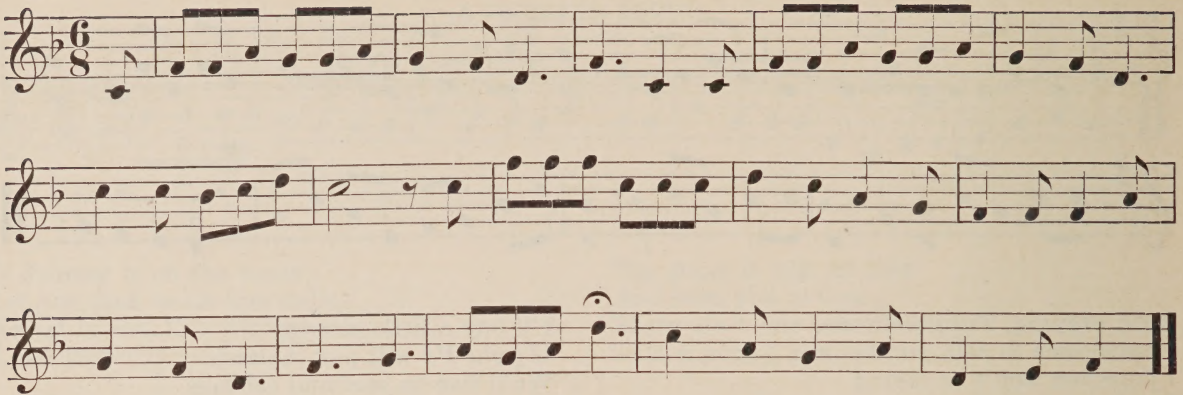
It's fine to be courted,
It's fine to be a wife,
He'll buy me all my dresses
And love me all my life.
He'll make the fires of mornings
And carry in the wood,
He'll get the breakfast ready
And we'll both be very good.

I'll buy a little cottage
If your Pa will pay the cash,
We'll live on beef and cabbage
And have the best of hash.
And you can take in washing
And scrub the neighbors' floors,
While I'll be very busy going to and from the stores.

I'm sure my Pa will help us
If we'll tell him of our plan,
And bless the one who marries
His own daughter, Tildy Ann.
Just name the day, my Sammy,
I'll buy the wedding gown,
We'll go to see the circus
And we'll take the day in town.

It's fine to go a courtin',
It's fine to have a wife,
She'll sew on all my buttons
And love me all my life.
She'll make the fires of mornings
And carry in the wood,
She'll get the breakfast ready
And we'll both be very good.

TWO SISTERS



There was an old woman lived on the seashore,
Bow down.
There was an old woman lived on the seashore,
Bow and balance to me.
There was an old woman lived on the seashore
And she had daughters three or four.
I'll be true to my love
If my love be true to me.

A young man came a courting there,
Bow down.
A young man came a courting there,
Bow and balance to me.
A young man came a courting there
And he made love to the youngest fair,
I'll be true to my love
If my love be true to me.

He bought the youngest a fine fur hat,
The oldest sister didn't like that,
I'll be true, etc.

O Sister, O sister, let's go to seashore
And see the ships come sailing o'er,
I'll be true, etc.

As these two sisters walked 'long the sea brim
The oldest pushed the youngest in,
I'll be true, etc.

O Sister, O sister, pray lend me your hand
And you can have my house and hand.

O sister, O sister, pray lend me your glove
And you can have my house and land.

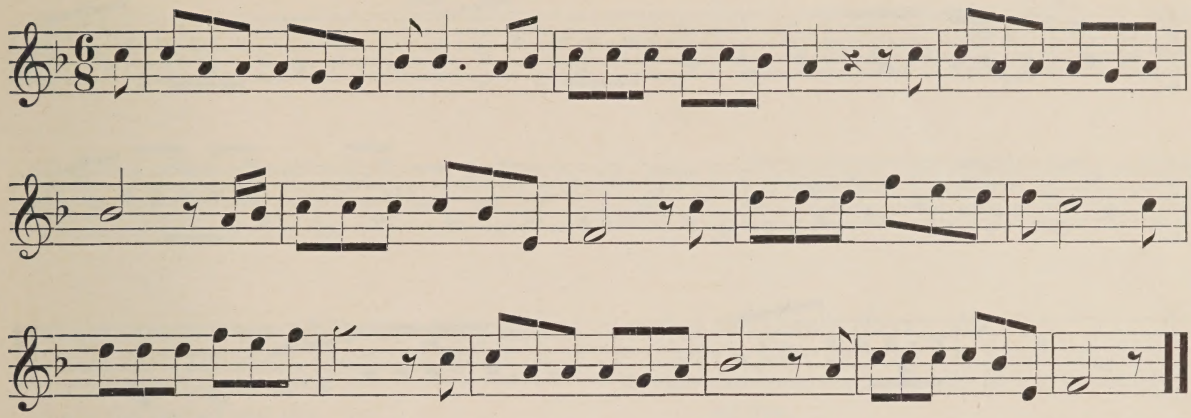
I'll neither lend you my hand nor my glove
For all I want's your own true love.

The miller got his fishing hook
And fished the fair maiden out of the brook.

O Miller, O miller, here's five gold rings
To push the fair maiden in again.

The Miller's to be hung on his old mill gate
For the drowning of poor sister Kate.

(I'll be true to my love is sung after every verse.)

I'M DYING FOR SOMEONE TO LOVE ME

I'm dying for someone to love me,
For someone to call me his own.
I can't bear the thought of remaining
Forever on earth all alone.

I want to be loved in dead earnest,
I want to be loved and caressed,
And while on his breast fondly leaning
He'll call me his dearest and best.

Mama says that my head isn't level,
That something is wrong with my brain,
And had she her time to go over
She never would marry again.

That love is a fanciful bubble
And I a foolish young dunce,
Would better attend to my lessons
And leave off such nonsense at once.

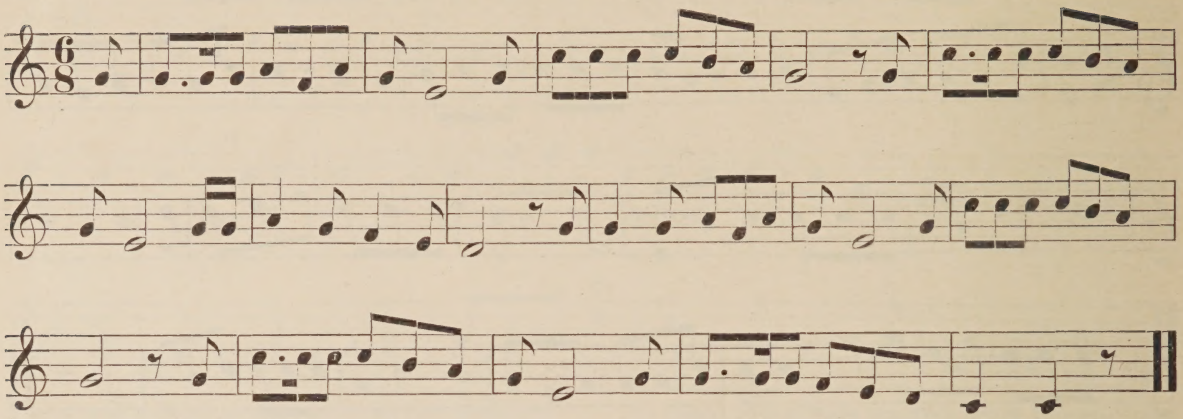
But perhaps she's forgot she was young once,
For one day to Papa she told
That she could have had twenty husbands
Before she was sixteen years old.

Now there's Charlie, Alonzo, and Harry,
Fred, Ned, Jack, Willie and Joe,
They can't talk of love worth a button,
In fact, they're exceedingly slow.

I want to be loved in dead earnest,
I want a young man who can talk,
Who will treat to ice cream and fried oysters
And take me a nice moonlight walk.

Now, I may not be overly handsome,
But there's one thing I very well know—
I'm as handsome as one of my neighbors
Who has a magnificent beau.

BURY ME OUT ON THE PRAIRIE



Well, I've got no use for the women,
A true one may never be found.
They'll use a man for his money,
When it's gone they'll turn him down.
They're all alike at the bottom,
Selfish and grasping for all;
They'll stay by a man while he's winnin'
And laugh in his face at his fall.

My pal was a straight young puncher,
Honest and upright and square.
But he turned to a gunman and gambler
And a woman sent him there.
Quicker and surer his gun play,
Till his heart in his body lay dead;
When a vaquero insulted her picture,
He filled him full of lead.

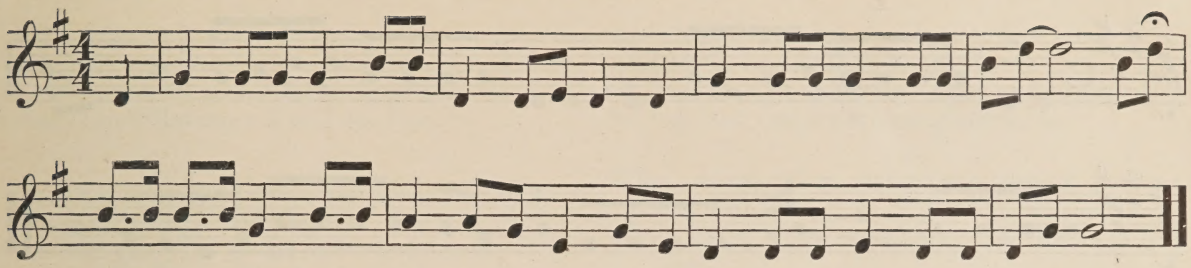
All night long they trailed him
Through mesquite and chaparral
And I couldn't but think of the woman
As I saw him pitch and fall.
If she'd been the pal that she should have,
He might have been raising a son
Instead of out there on the prairie
To fall by the ranger's gun.

Death's slow sting did not trouble,
His chances for life were too slim;
But where they were puttin' his body
Was all that worried him.
He lifted his head on his elbow,
The blood from his wound flowed red;
He looked at his pals grouped about him
And whispered to them and said:

"Oh, bury me out on the prairie
Where the coyotes may howl o'er my grave,
Bury me out on the prairie
And some of my bones please save.
Wrap me up in my blankets
And bury me deep 'neath the ground,
Cover me over with boulders
Of granite huge and round."

So they buried him out on the prairie
And the coyotes still howl o'er his grave,
But his soul is now a restin'
From the unkind cut she gave.
And many a similar puncher
As he rides by that pile of stone
Recalls some similar woman
And envies his molden bones.

BILLY BOY



Where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Where have you been, charming Billy?
I've been to see my wife,
She's the joy of my life,
She's a young thing and can't leave her Mama.

Did she ask you in, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Did she ask you in, charming Billy?
Yes, she asked me in with the dimples in her chin.
She's a young thing, and can't, etc.

Can she bake a sweetened pone, Billy Boy, etc.
Can she bake a sweetened pone, charming Billy?
She can bake a sweetened pone,
You can eat it or let it alone,
She's a young thing and cannot leave her Mama.

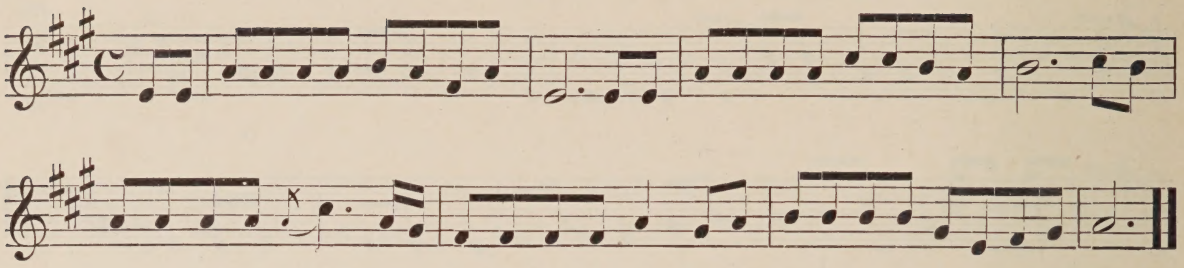
Can she bake a cherry pie,
Can she bake a cherry pie, charming Billy?
She can bake a cherry pie in the twinkling of an eye,
She's a young thing, etc.

Can she make a pair of breeches, Billy Boy,
Can she make a pair of breeches, charming Billy?
She can make a pair of breeches
Fast as you can count the stitches,
She's a young thing, etc.

How tall is she, Billy Boy,
How tall is she, charming Billy?
She's as tall as a pine, and straight as a pumpkin vine,
She's a young thing, etc.

How old is she, Billy Boy,
How old is she, charming Billy?
Twice six, twice seven, twice twenty and eleven,
She's a young thing and cannot leave her Mama.

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO



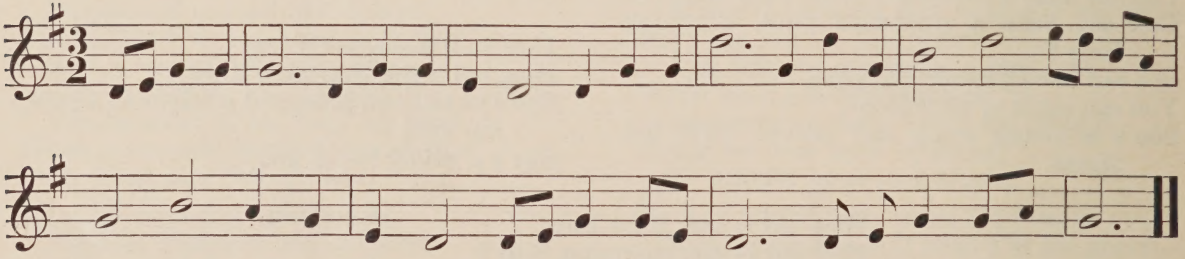
I was born about four thousand years ago.
There is nothing in the world that I don't know.
I saw Jonah swallow the whale
And I pulled the lion's tail,
And I crossed the river Canaan on a log.

So you see I'm an educated man;
Keep my brain in my head I plan.
I've been on earth so long
That I used to sing a song
While Abraham and Isaac rushed the can.

I saw Eve when she searched the garden o'er;
I saw Satan when they drove him from the door.
While the apples they were eating,
From the bushes I was peeping.
I can say that I'm the man that ate the core.

So you see I'm an educated man;
Keep my brain in my head I plan.
I've been on earth so long
That I used to sing a song
While Abraham and Isaac rushed the can.

THE TURKISH LADY



Lord Bateman was a noble Lord,
He held himself of high degree.
He would not rest nor be contented,
Until he had voyaged across the sea.

He sailed east and he sailed westward,
Until he reached the Turkish shore.
And there he was taken and put in prison;
He lived in hopes of freedom no more.

THE TURKISH LADY (continued)

The Turkish had one only daughter,
The fairest creature eye ever did see.
She stole the keys to her father's prison,
Saying, Lord Bateman I will set free.

Have you got houses? Have you got lands, sir?
Or do you live at a high degree.
What will you give to the fair young lady,
That out of prison will set you free?

I've got houses and I've got lands, love,
Half of Northumberland belongs to me,
And I'll give it all to the Turkish lady
That out of prison will set me free.

Seven long years I'll make a vow, sir,
Seven more by thirty-three.
And if you'll marry no other lady,
No other man shall be married to me.

She took him to her father's harbor,
And gave to him a ship of fame.
Farewell, farewell, to thee, Lord Bateman,
I fear I ne'er shall see you again.

For seven long years she kept her vow, sir,
And seven more by thirty-three.
She gathered all her gay fine clothing,
Saying, Lord Bateman I'll go and see.

She sailed east and she sailed westward,
Until she reached the English shore.
And when she came to Lord Bateman's castle,
She lighted down before the door.

Are these Lord Bateman's gay fine houses,
And is his Lordship here within?
Oh, yes, oh, yes, cried the proud young porter,
He has just taken his young bride in.

What news, what news, my proud young porter,
What news, what news, have you brought to me?
Oh, there is the fairest of all young ladies
That ever my two eyes did see.

She's got rings on every finger,
And on one of them she has got three,
And she's as much gold around her middle,
As would buy Northumberland from thee.

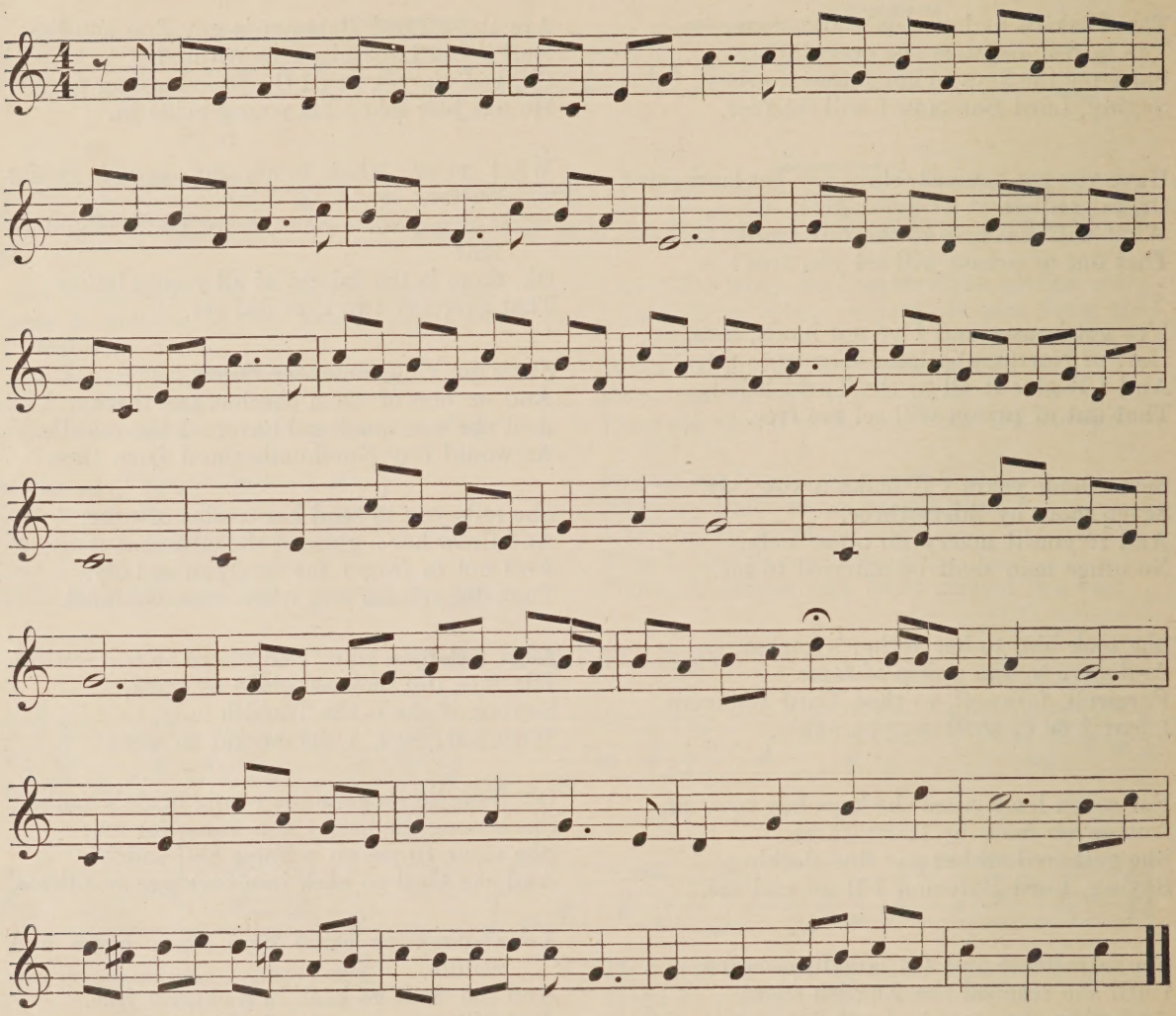
She tells you to send her a slice of cake,
And draw her a glass of the strongest wine,
And not to forget the fair young lady,
That did release you when close confined.

Lord Bateman rose from where he was sitting,
His face did look as white as snow,
Saying, if she is the Turkish lady,
With her, love, I am bound to go.

Oh, then, he spoke to the young bride's mother,
She's none the better nor worse for me;
She came to me on a horse and saddle,
And she shall go back in a carriage and three.

Your daughter came here on a horse and saddle,
And she shall go back in a chariot free.
And I'll go marry the Turkish lady,
That crossed the roaring sea for me.

RIP VAN WINKLE



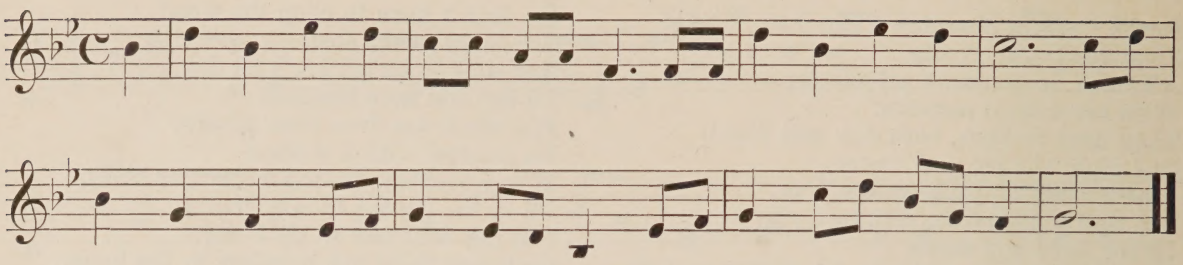
In the Catskill Mountains Rip Van Winkle
Slept for twenty years.
At home he couldn't get along
With his wife, it appears.
They used to fight, both day and night.
One night she got real angry
And turned Rippy from the door,
She told him that he couldn't play
In her yard any more.
She told him he could take his clothes and go.

Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man,
Rip Van Winkle went away,
And slept for twenty happy years
In the mountains, so they say.
Wasn't he lucky?
Rip Van Winkle knew a thing or two,
Deny it no one can.
While they were his fate deploring
He was in the mountains snoring,
Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man.

He didn't have to chop the wood
Nor carry in the coal.
Nor walk upon his heels all day
To try and save his soul.
His mind was free from misery,
No quarrel with a woman
Who would swear that white was black,
Or in the depths of winter
Put her cold feet to his back,
Or holler there are burglars in the house.

Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man,
Rip Van Winkle was a gent,
Lived on a bluff for twenty years,
Didn't spend a single cent.
Wasn't he lucky?
Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man,
Deny it no one can,
While his wife was spending money
He was in the land of honey,
Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man.

AS I WALKED OUT



As I walked out one merry May morning,
For to hear the pretty birds sing sweet,
I leant my back against a little cottage door.
For to see true lovers meet.

To see them meet, to hear them talk,
And to hear what they had to say,
I wanted to know what was on their minds,
Before I went away.

Come sit you down, my own true love,
Come sit you down, said HE.
It's been two years and a half or more
Since your face has been shown to me.

I will not sit by you, young man,
By you nor no other man,
Nor will I believe his faith or troth,
For he's sworn to many a one.

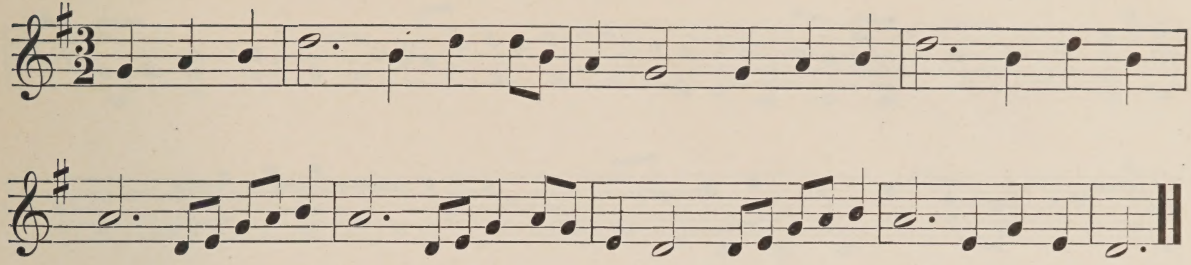
Don't you remember on yonder mountain top,
When we sat side by side,
You promised me, you would marry me,
And would be no other man's bride.

Oh, when my heart was yours, young man,
And you robbed so rich a nest,
You made me believe by the oaths you swore,
That the sun rose in the west.

I will not believe a young man any more,
Let his eyes be blue, black or brown.
Save he were on the top of a high gallows tree,
A-swearing he wished to come down.

If I could live just one more year,
And God would give me grace,
I'd buy me a bottle of old moonshine,
To wash my deceitful face.

FAIR AND TENDER LADIES



Come, all ye fair and tender ladies,
Take warning how you court young men.
They're like a star on a summer morning;
They first appear and then they're gone.

They'll tell to you some loving story
And make you think that they love you well,
And away they'll go and court some other
And leave you there in grief to dwell.

I wish to God I'd never seen him,
Or in his cradle he had died;
For to think so fair and handsome a lady
Was stricken in love and then denied.

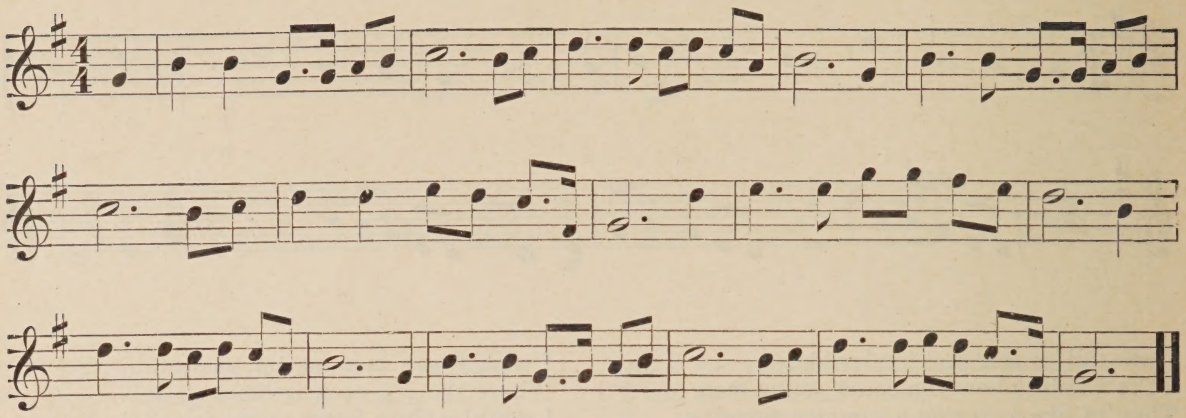
I wish I was in some tall mountain
Where the ivy rock is black as ink.
I would write a letter to my false true lover,
Whose cheeks are like the morning, pink.

I wish I were some little sparrow.
And I had wings and I could fly,
I'd fly away to my false true lover
And when he'd talk I would be by.

O, I would flutter in his bosom,
With my little extended wings.
I would ask him, I would ask him
Whose tender heart he had tried to stain.

Oh, love is handsome, love is charming,
And love is pretty while it's new;
But love grows cold as love grows older
And fades away like morning dew.

SWEET KITTY WELLS



You ask what makes this darkey weep
Why he like others am not gay,
What makes the tears flow down his cheeks,
From early morn till close of day.

My story darkies you shall hear,
For in my memory fresh they dwell,
'Twill cause you all to drop a tear
O'er the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

I never shall forget the day
That we together roamed the dells,
I kissed her cheeks and named the day
That I would marry sweet Kitty Wells.

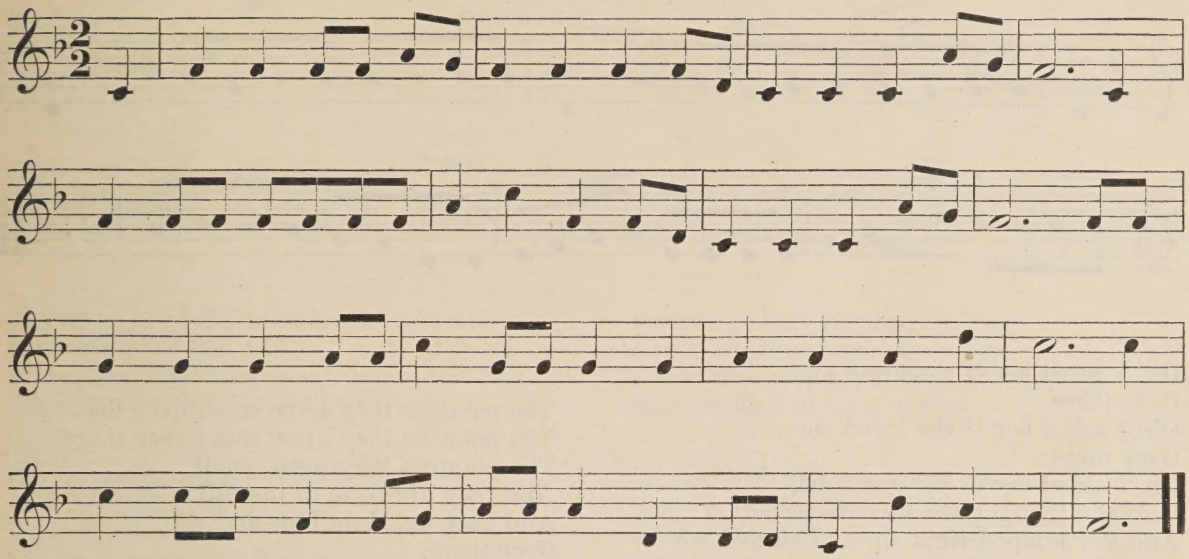
But death came to my cabin door
And took from me my joy and pride;
And when I found she was no more,
I laid my banjo down and cried.

Oh, the small birds were singing in the morning,
And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom
And the sun o'er the hilltops was dawning
It was then we laid her in the tomb.

I often wish that I were dead
And laid beside her in the tomb;
The sorrow that bows down my head
Is silent in the midnight gloom.

The springtime has no charm for me,
Though flowers are blooming in the dell,
For that bright form I do not see
'Tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

SOLDIER? SOLDIER? WILL YOU MARRY ME?



Verse One.

Now, soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife and drum?
Oh, no, pretty maid, I cannot marry you,
For I have no socks to put on.

Verse Five.

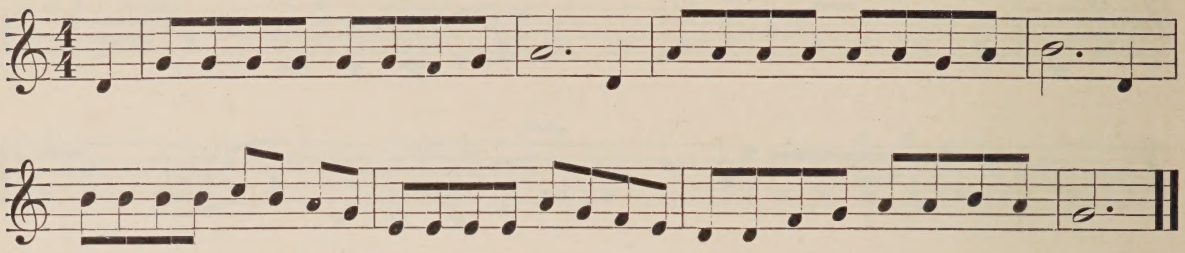
Now, soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife, and drum?
Oh, no, pretty maid, I cannot marry you,
With a wife and baby at home.

Chorus:

So away she went to the sock maker's shop
As fast as she could run.
She bought him a pair of the very best kind
And the soldier put them on.

Then follows, shoes, hat, suit.

I ASKED HER IF SHE LOVED ME

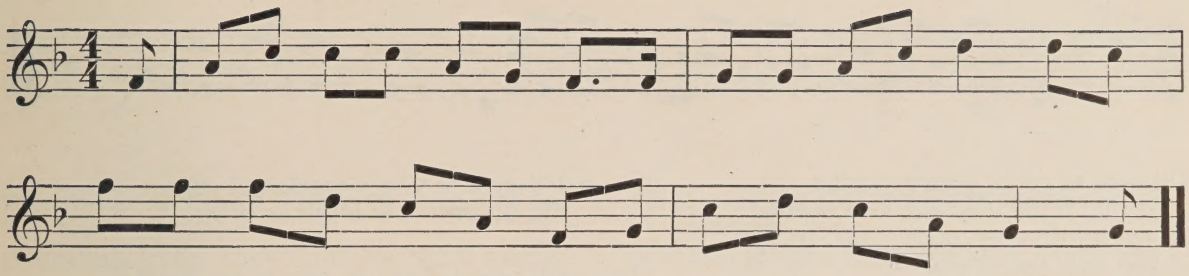
(OVER THERE)

Oh, I asked her if she loved me
Over there.
Oh, I asked her if she loved me
Over there.
Oh, I asked her if she loved me,
Said she thought she was above me,
And she jumped right up and shoved me
Over there.

Oh, her father's name is Moses
Over there.
Oh, her father's name is Moses
Over there.
Oh, her father's name is Moses
And their cheeks are red as roses
And they've got the flattest noses
Over there.

The potatoes they grow small over there
The potatoes they grow small over there
The potatoes they grow small
And they dig them in the fall
And they eat them tops and all
Over there.

Oh, they churn their butter well over there
Oh, they churn their butter well over there
Oh, they churn their butter well
And the butter milk they sell
And they live as hard as—???!!?? over there.

THE GYPSIE LADDIE



Oh, when Lord Thomas, he came home,
Enquiring for his lady,
The answer that they made to him,
She's gone with a Gypsie Davy.

It's he caught up his old grey horse
And he caught up his pony
He rode all night and he rode all day
Till he overtook his doney.

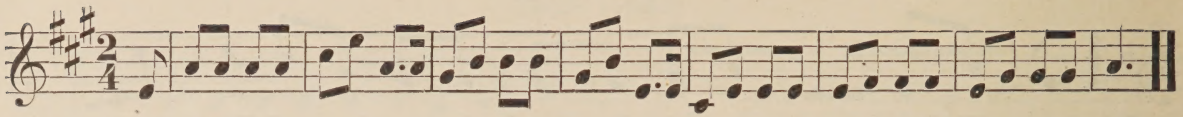
It's come go back my dearest dear,
It's come go back my honey,
It's come go back my dearest dear,
And you'll never lack for money.

I won't go back my dearest dear,
Nor I won't go back my honey,
I wouldn't give a kiss from my Gypsy's lips
For you and all your money.

It's go pull off those snow white gloves,
A-made of Spanish leather,
And give to me your lily-white hand
And bid me farewell forever.

It's she pulled off those snow white gloves,
A-made of Spanish leather
And gave to him her lily white hand
And bade him farewell forever.

I once did have so many fine things,
Fine feather-beds and money
But now my bed is made of hay
And the Gypsies a-dancing around me.

PAPER OF PINS

I'll give to you a paper of pins
And that's the way our love begins,
If you will marry, marry, marry,
If you will marry me.

I'll not accept your paper of pins,
If that's the way our love begins,
And I'll not marry, marry, marry,
I'll not marry you.

I'll give to you a dress of red
Stitched all round with golden thread.

I'll give to you a dress of green,
That you may look just like a queen.

I'll give to you a little tray dog
To go with you when you walk abroad.

I'll give to you a coach and six,
Six black horses black as pitch.

I'll give to you the key to my heart,
That we may marry and never part.

I'll give to you the key to my chest,
That you may have money at your request.

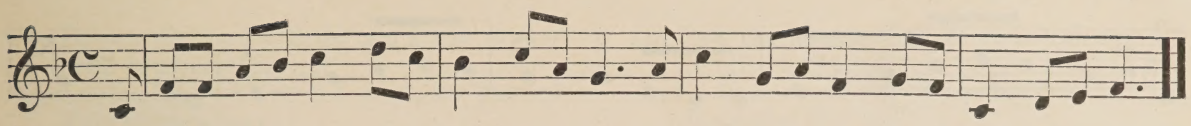
(Here she says, "I will accept the key to your chest.")

Oh, miss, I see that money is all
And woman's love means nothing at all.
So I'll not marry, marry, marry,
I'll not marry you.

Note: The Miss says no to every offer except the key to his chest.

NOTE: If you will marry, marry, Mary,
If you will marry, marry me, sung after each verse.

PRETTY POLLY



Oh, where is pretty Polly, oh, yonder she stands,
Gold rings on her fingers and lily white hands.

Polly, pretty Polly, come go along with me,
Let's take a little walk before we married be.

He led her thru the valleys and hollows so deep
At length pretty Polly began for to weep.

They went a little farther, she chanced to espy,
She saw her grave dug and the spade lying by.

Oh, William, Oh, William, Oh, William, said she,
I'm afraid you're going to take my sweet life away from me.

Poor Polly, Poor Polly, you've guessed it just right,
I was digging your grave the best part of last night.

He pierced her thru the heart and the blood it did flow
And into the grave her fair body did throw.

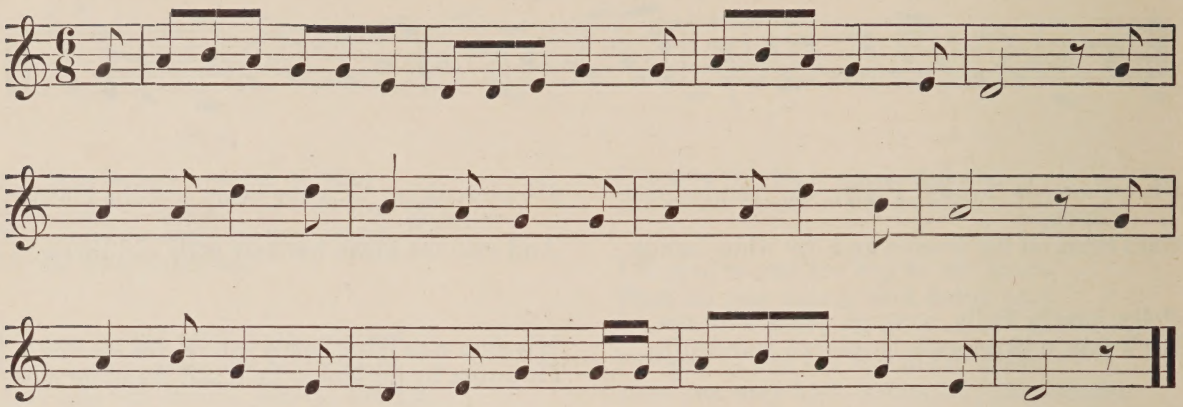
His ship was lying ready, all on the seaside,
He swore by his Maker he'd sail the other side.

And whilst he was sailing, in full heart's content,
The ship sprung a leak, to the bottom she went.

And there was pretty Polly all in a gore of blood
In her lily-white hands was an infant to God.

Oh, William, Oh, William, you've no time to stay,
There's a debt to the Devil that you're bound to pay.

FAIR ELLEN



Oh, father and mother come tell me this riddle,
Come tell it all to me.
The Brown girl she has house and land, fair Ellen she has none,
Then my advice to you, dear Tom, is to bring the Brown girl home.

He went and called his merry may men, by one, by two and three.
Go saddle and bridle my coal black steed, fair Ellen I must see.
He dressed himself in cloth so fine, put on a mantle in green,
And every village that he rode thru he was taken to be some King.

He rode till he got to fair Ellen's hall, he jingled at the ring,
And none so ready as fair Ellen herself, she rose and let him in.
Good news, good news, fair Ellen, he said, good news I've brought to you,
I've come to ask you to my wedding, for married I must be.

Bad news, bad news, Lord Thomas she said, bad news you've brought to me,
You've come to ask me to your wedding, for married you must be.

She went and called her merry may men, by one, by two and three.
Go saddle and bridle my milk white steed, Lord Thomas' wedding I'll see.
She dressed herself in cloth so fine, put on a diamond ring,
And every village that she rode thru she was taken to be some queen.

She rode till she got to Lord Thomas' hall, she jingled at the ring
And none so ready as Lord Thomas himself, he rose and let her in.

Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, is this your bride? She's very dark and dim,
When you could have married as fair a fine lady as ever the sun shined on.

FAIR ELLEN (continued)

The Brown girl had a little pen knife, it was
both keen and sharp,
Betwixt the long rib and the short, she pierced
Fair Ellen's heart.

Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, are you blind, or
can't you very well see,
And can't you see my own heart's blood come
trinkling down my knee?

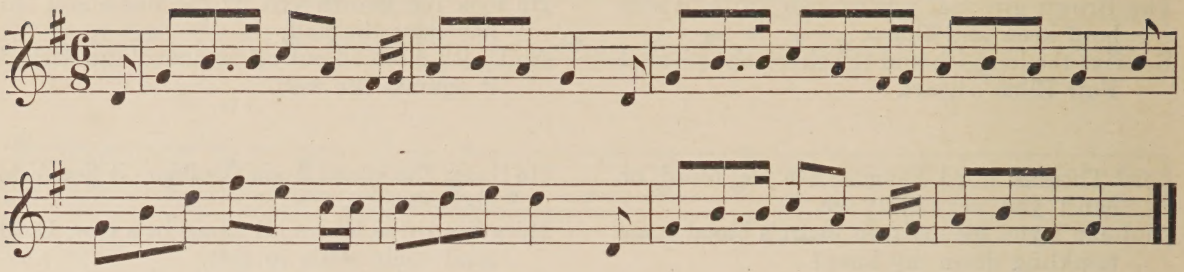
He took the Brown girl by the hand and led
her thru the hall,
And with a sword cut off her head and kicked
it against the wall.

He threw the sword upon the floor; it flew into
his breast.
Here lies three lovers all along in a row, Lord
send their souls to rest.

Go dig my grave under yonder green tree, go
dig it both wide and deep,
And bury fair Ellen in my arms and the
Brown girl at my feet.

THE LITTLE MOHEE

(FROM THE ENGLISH "THE INDIAN LASS")



While I was out walking
For pleasure one day
The sweet decoration
I scarcely can say
As I sat amusing myself in the shade
O who could come near me
But a young Indian maid.

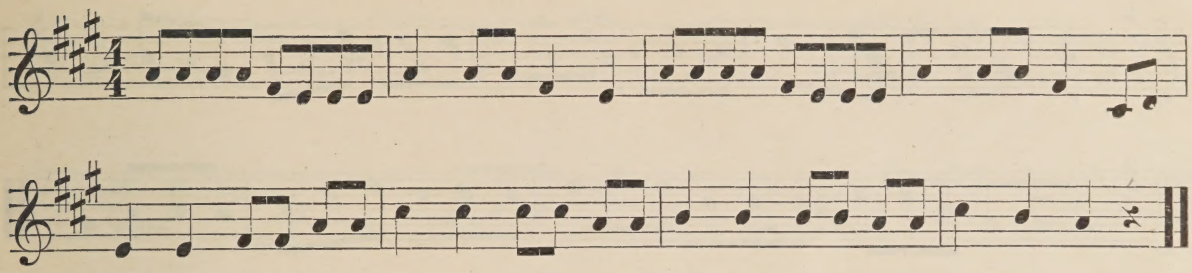
She stepped up beside me
Taking hold of my hand,
Saying, you are a stranger
And in a strange land.
But if you will follow
You're welcome to come
And share with the Mohee
In what she calls home.
And if you will promise
No more to roam
I'll teach you the language
In the cocoanut grove.

O no, my dear maiden, that never can be,
For I have a true love far over the sea.
I'll never forsake her
For I know she won't me,
For her heart is as true
As the little Mohee.

The last time I saw her
She stood on the sand,
And as I passed by her
She waved her small hand.
Saying, when you get home to
The one that you love
Remember the Mohee in the cocoanut grove.

Now I have got back to
My own native shore,
My friends and relations
Gather around me once more,
I looked all around me
But none could I see
That I could compare with
My little Mohee.

SWAPPING SONG



When I was a little boy I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I laid upon the shelf.
Tum a wing wang waddle, tum a jack straw straddle,
Tum a John Fair faddle, tum a long way home.

Well, the rats and the mice they led me such a life,
I had to go to London to buy me a wife. Tum, etc.

The creeks were so wide and the lanes were so narrow,
I had to bring her home on an old wheelbarrow. Tum, etc.

My wheelbarrow broke and I got me a fall,
And down came wheelbarrow, wife and all.

I swapped my wheelbarrow and got me a horse,
And then I rode from cross to cross.

I swapped my horse and got me a mare,
And then I rode from fair to fair.

I swapped my mare and got me a mule,
And then I rode like a doggone fool.

I swapped my mule and got me a cow,
And in that trade I just learned how.

I swapped my cow and got me a calf,
And in that trade I just lost half.

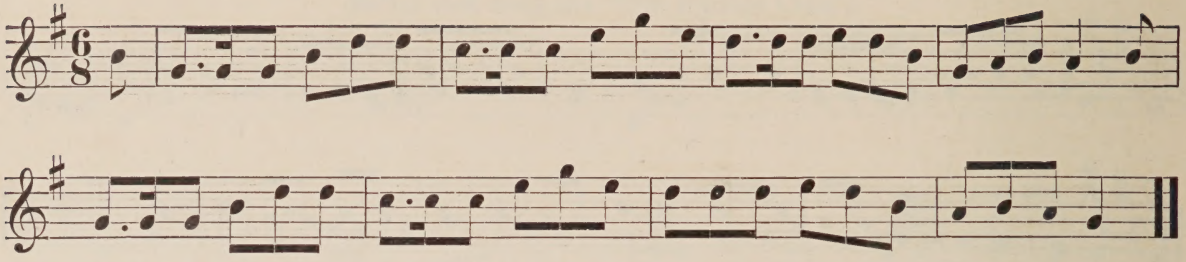
I swapped my calf and got me a sheep,
And then I rode till I went to sleep.

I swapped my sheep and got me a hen,
And O what a pretty thing I had then.

I swapped my hen and got me a rat,
I set it on a hay stack with two little cats.

I swapped my rat and got me a mole,
And the doggone thing went straight to his hole.

DYING COWBOY



So early one morning I rode o'er the ranches,
So early one morning I rode over there;
I saw a young cowboy all dressed in white linen
With coal black eyes and waving black hair.

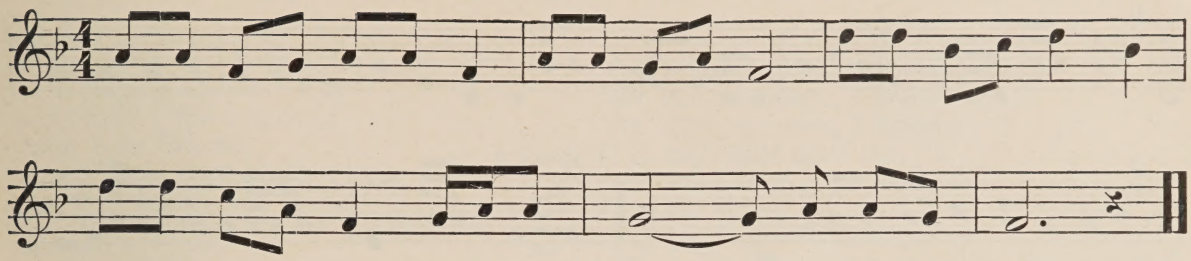
My friends and relations I'd left in Boston,
My parents knew not where I had roamed;
I first went to Texas and hired as a ranchman,
Got shot in the bosom and death is my doom.

Go write me a letter to my gray-haired mother,
Go break the news to my sister so dear.
But there is another who's dearer than mother,
Who'd weep if she knew I was dying out here.

The last letter I had from dear little Emma,
Begging me so kindly to come to my home,
Lord, if I had gone and married that lady,
Quit all of my wild ways, and done as she bade.

Go take me to the graveyard, and place the sod o'er me
And play the dead marches that carry me on,
Just beat the drum o'er me and play the fife slowly,
For I'm a dead cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

FRANKIE (GAMBLER'S SONG)



Frankie went down the alley,
Forty-four in her hand.
Standing around with the boys and girls,
Says I'm looking for my loving man,
He's my man, my gambling man.

Frankie stepped into the bar room,
Called for a bowl of beer.
Asked the bar room tender,
Has a loving man been here?
He's my man, but he's done me wrong.

Bar room tender said, Frankie,
Ain't goin' to tell you no story,
Ain't goin' to tell you no lie,
Your man left here about an hour ago
With a girl called Alice Blye.
He's my man, my gambling man.

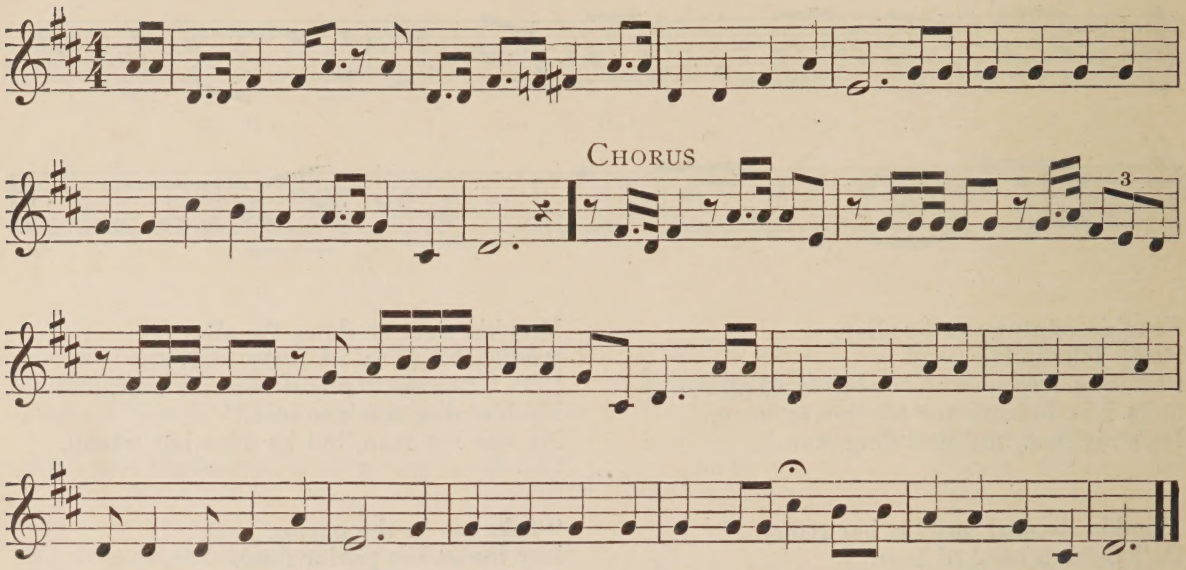
Frankie went on down the alley
And shot him with a forty-four.
"Oh," he said, "please turn me over,
My bleeding side's so sore."
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

"Take me in the parlor,
Lay me on the parlor floor.
Please don't touch my bleeding side,
I've been shot with a forty-four.
I'm her man, but I done her wrong."

Frankie was a good woman,
Everybody knows,
She paid one hundred dollars
For Albert a suit of clothes.
He was her man, her gambling man.

The people in Chicago,
Thought it was a sin and a shame,
Frankie paid forty dollars
For Albert's walking cane.
He was her man, her gambling man.

METHODIST PIE



I was down to camp meetin'
The other afternoon
To hear them shout and sing.
For to tell each other
How they loved one another
And to make hallelujah ring.

There's old uncle Daniel
And brother Ebenezer,
Uncle Rufus with his lame gal, Sue,
Aunt Polly and Melinda
And old Mother Bender,
Well, I never seen a happier crew.

Well, they all go there
For to have a good time
And to eat that grub so sly,
Have applesauce butter
With sugar in the gourd
And a great big Methodist Pie.

Well, you ought to hear the ringing
When they all get to singing
That good old bye and bye.
See Jimmy McGee in the top of a tree
Saying, how is this for high?

METHODIST PIE (continued)

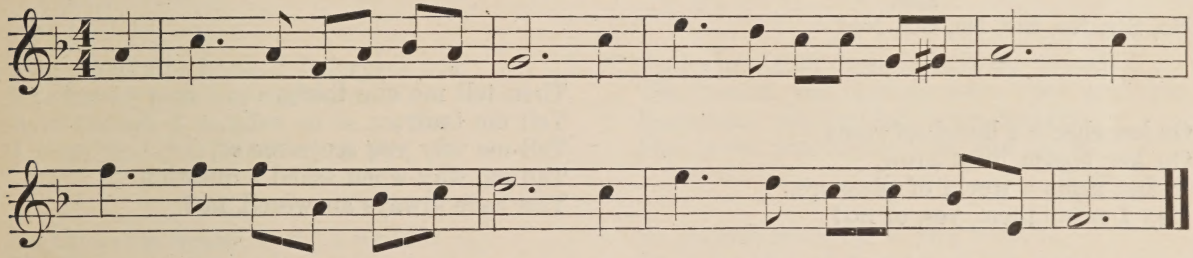
Then they cotch a hold of hands
And march around the ring,
Kept a singing all the while
You'd think it was a cyclone
Coming thru the air,
You could hear them shout a half a mile.

Then the bell rings loud and the great big crowd
Breaks ranks and up they fly
While I took board
On the sugar in the gourd
And I cleaned up the Methodist Pie.

CHORUS

Oh, little children, I believe,
Oh, little children, I believe,
Oh, little children, I believe,
I'm Methodist till I die.
I'm Methodist, Methodist,
'Tis my belief,
I'm Methodist till I die.
When old grim death comes knocking at the door
I'm Methodist till I die.

THE BUTCHER BOY or
(I DIED FOR LOVE)



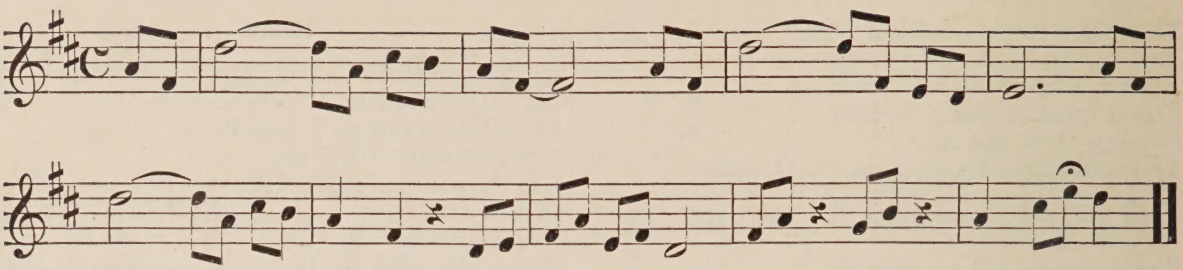
In London City where I did dwell,
A butcher's boy I loved so well.
He stole from me my heart away,
And with me now he will not stay.

There was a strange girl in that town,
My love he goes and sits him down.
And takes that strange girl on his knee,
And tells to her what he won't tell me.

It's grief to me, I'll tell you why—
Because she has more gold than I.
But gold will melt and silver fly,
True, constant love will never die.

Last night my lover promised me,
He'd take me across the deep blue sea.
But now he's gone and left me alone,
Poor orphan girl, to weep and mourn.

Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
Place a marble slab at my head and feet.
Place o'er my eyebrow a snow white dove,
To prove to the world that I died for love.

NO, SIR NO

Yonder is a comely flower,
What her name is I don't know,
I'll go court her for her beauty,
Till she answers yes, or NO.

REF.

No, Sir, No, Sir, No, Sir, No!

On her cheeks a bunch of roses
On her bosom lilies grow,
In her arms a world of pleasure,
May I enjoy them, yes, or no?

Madam, I have gold and silver,
Madam, I have house and land,
Madam, I've the world of pleasure,
They are all at your command.

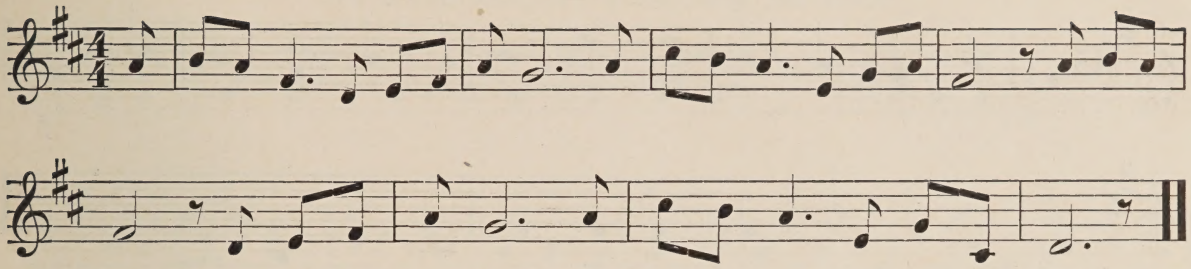
What care I for gold and silver,
What care I for house and land,
What care I for a world of pleasure,
All I want is a nice young man.

Then tell me one thing,
Tell me truly,
Tell me why you scorn me so,
Tell me why when asked a question
You have always answered, no?

My father was a Spanish merchant,
And before he went to sea,
Told me to be sure and answer,
No, to all you said to me.

If while walking thru the garden,
I should ask you to be mine,
Would you then become offended,
Would you then my heart decline?
No, Sir, No, Sir, No, Sir, NO.

I LOVED YOU BETTER THAN YOU KNEW



Our hands are clasped, the last forever,
Perhaps we'll never meet again;
I loved you as I could none other,
This parting fills my heart with pain.

You asked and freely I'll forgive you,
The happy past I must forget,
And though I wander on in sorrow
I hope that you'll be happy yet.

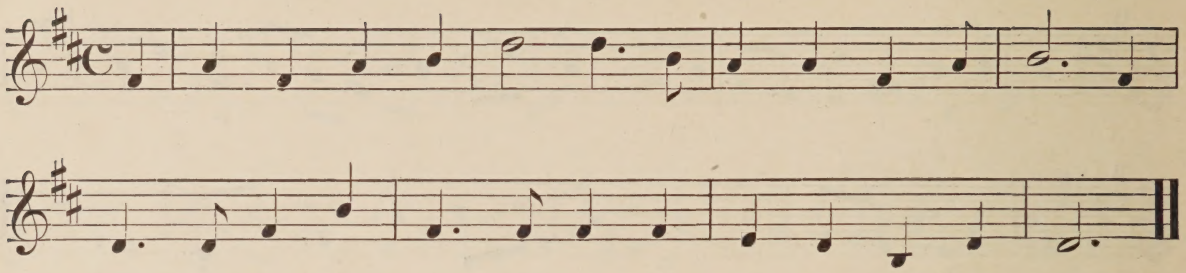
As thru this weary world I wander
My thoughts alone will be of you,
In memory I see you ever—
I loved you better than you knew.

Perhaps when I have gone forever
You'll sometimes think that I've been true,
And wonder if I'm dead or living.
Perchance I'll think the same of you.

And when your friends have all departed,
The friends you thought were tried and true.
Remember one you left heart-broken
Had loved you better than you knew.

So go and leave me if you want to,
There's others I know just like you;
But in your heart you'll love another,
And in my grave I'd rather be.

THE LILY OF THE WEST



As I walked out one morning
Thru yonder shady grove,
I saw a man of low degree
Conversing with my love.

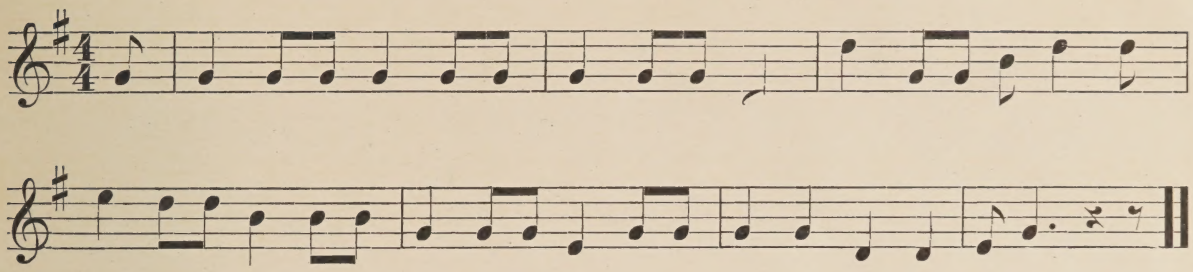
I stepped up to him boldly
With a rifle in my hand,
I caught him by the collar
And boldly bade him stand.

I drew my penknife out
And pierced it in his breast.
Here lies a lifeless corpse
For the lily of the West.

Five long years to Frankfort
A prisoner I was sent,
For all my misbehavior
I surely will repent.

And then when I am free,
And I am set to rest,
I'll ramble the wide world over,
For the lily of the West.

NO, I WON'T HAVE HIM! or
(THE OLD MAN WHO CAME OVER THE MOOR)



There was an old man who came over the moor
No, but I won't have him
My mother told me to open the door
No, but I won't have him.

My mother she told me to hand him a stool
No, but I won't have him
I handed him a stool and he acted like a fool
With his old shoes on and leggins.

Mama told me to bake him a cake
No, but I won't have him
I baked him a cake and he ate like a snake
With the old shoes on and the leggins.

Mama told me to bake him a pie
No, but I won't have him
I baked him a pie and he wished he'd die
With the old shoes on and the leggins.

My mother told me to show him the church
No, but I won't have him
I showed him the church and left him in the
lurch
With the old shoes on and leggins.

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